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Such as Moral and Sentimental Tales, Original Communications, Biography, Traveling Sketches, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes, Poetry, &c. &c.

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SELECT TALES.

From the Lady's Book.

THE FATAL COSMETIC;

Or, the Evils of "White Lies."

BY MRS. C. L. HENTZ.

[Concluded.]

"He believes me cowardly and false," thought she, for she divined what was passing in his mind, and if ever she was tempted to be so, it was in the hope of reinstating herself in his esteem. She had given her promise, however, and it was not to be broken. Mary, whose feelings were as evanescent as her principles were weak, soon forgot the whole affair in the preparations for her approaching marriage with Charles, an event which absorbed all her thoughts, as it involved all her hopes of happiness.

Margaret finished her task, but the charm which had gilded the occupation had fled. Mr. Hall seldom called, and when he did, he wore all his original reserve. She felt she had not deserved this alienation, and tried to cheer herself with the conviction of her own integrity, but her spirits were occasionally dejected; and the figure of Truth, which had such a beaming outline, assumed the aspect of utter despondency. Dissatisfied with her work, she at last swept her brush over the design, and mingling Truth with the dark shades of the back ground, gave up her office of artist, declaring her sketches completed.

Mrs. Astor was enraptured with the whole, and said she intended to reserve them for the night of Charles's wedding, when they would burst upon the sight in one grand *coup d'œil*, in the full blaze of chandeliers, bridal lamps and nuptial ornaments. Margaret was to officiate as one of the bride-maids, though she gave a reluctant consent. She could not esteem the bride, and she shrunk from her flattery and caresses with an instinctive loathing. She had once set her foot on a flowery bank that edged a beautiful stream. The turf trembled and gave way, for it was hollow below, and she narrowly escaped death. She often shuddered at the recollection. With similar emotions she turned from Mary Ellis's smiles and graces. There was beauty and bloom on the surface, but hollowness, and perhaps ruin beneath.

A short time before the important day, a slight effluence appeared on the fair cheek and neck of Mary. She was in despair lest her loveliness should be marred when she most of all wished to shine. It increased instead of diminishing, and she resolved to have recourse to any remedy that would remove the disfiguring eruption. She recollected having seen a violent erysipelas cured immediately by a solution of corrosive sublimate, and without consulting any one, she sent Dinah

to the apothecary to purchase some, charging her to tell no one whose errand she was bearing, for she was not willing to confess her occasion for such a cosmetic. Dinah told the apothecary it was for her mistress, and it was given without questioning or hesitation. Her only confidant was Margaret, who shared her chamber and toilet, and who warned her to be exceedingly cautious in the use of an article so poisonous, and she promised, with her usual heedlessness, without dreaming of any evil consequences. The eruption disappeared, the bride looked fairer than ever, and clad in her bridal dress of white satin, white roses and blonde lace, was pronounced the most beautiful bride of the season. Mr. Hall was present, although he refused to take part in the ceremony. He could not without singularity, decline the invitation, and notwithstanding the blow his confidence in Margaret's character had received, he still found the spot where she was, enchanted ground, and he lingered near, unwilling to break at once the only charm that still bound him to society.

After the short but solemn rite which made the young and thoughtless one, by indissoluble ties, and the rush of congratulation took place, Margaret was forced by the pressure close to Mr. Hall's side. He involuntarily offered his arm for her protection, and a thrill of inexpressible happiness pervaded his heart, at this unexpected and unsought proximity. He forgot his coldness—the broken glass—every thing but the joyous feeling of the present moment. Margaret was determined to avail herself of the tide of returning confidence. Her just womanly modesty and pride prevented her seeking an explanation and reconciliation, but she knew, without breaking her promise, she could not justify herself in Mr. Hall's opinion if even the opportunity offered. She was to depart in the morning, with the new married pair, who were going to take an excursion of pleasure, which is so fashionable after the wedding ceremony has been performed. She might never see him again. He had looked pale, and his face was now flushed high with excited feeling.

"You have wronged me, Mr. Hall," said she, blushing, but without hesitation, "if you think I have been capable of wilful deception or concealment. The mirror was not broken by me, though I know you thought me guilty, and afraid or ashamed to avow the truth. I would not say so much to justify myself, if I did not think you would believe me, and if I did not highly value the esteem of one who sacrifices even his friendships at the shrine of Truth."

She smiled, for she saw she was believed, and there was such a glow of pleasure irradiating Mr. Hall's countenance, it was like the breaking and gushing forth of sunbeams. There are few faces

on which a smile has such a magic effect as it had on Margaret's. Her smile was never forced. It was the inspiration of truth, and all the light of her soul shone through it. Perhaps neither ever experienced an hour of deeper happiness than that which followed this simple explanation. Margaret felt a spring-tide of hope and joy swelling in her heart, for there was a deference, a tenderness in Mr. Hall's manner which she had never seen before. He seemed entirely to have forgotten the presence of others, when a name, uttered by some one near, arrested his attention.

"That is Mrs. St. Henry," observed a lady, stretching eagerly forward. "She arrived in town this morning with letters of introduction to Mrs. Astor. She was the beauty of — before her marriage, and is still the leader of fashion and taste."

Margaret felt her companion start as if a ball had penetrated him, and, looking up, she saw his altered glance fixed on the lady who had just entered, with a dashing escort, and was advancing towards the centre of the room. She was dressed in the extremity of the fashionable mode—her arms and neck entirely uncovered, and their dazzling whiteness thus lavishly displayed, might have mocked the polish and purity of alabaster.—Her brilliant black eyes flashed on either side, with the freedom of conscious beauty, and disdain of the homage which it inspired. She moved with the air of a queen, attended by her vassals, directly, forward, when suddenly her proud step faltered, her cheeks and lips became wan, and, uttering a sudden ejaculation, she stood for a moment perfectly still. She was opposite to Mr. Hall, whose eye, fixed upon hers, seemed to have the effect of fascination.

Though darkened by the burning sun of a tropical clime, and faded from the untimely blighting of the affections, that face could never be forgotten. It told her of perjury, remorse, sorrow—yes, of sorrow—for, in spite of the splendor that surrounded her, this glittering beauty was wretched. She had sacrificed herself at the shrine of Mammon, and had learned too late the horror of such ties, unsanctified by affection. Appreciating but too well, the value of the love she had forsaken, and goaded by remorse for her conduct to him whom she believed wasting away in a foreign land—she flew from one scene of dissipation to another, seeking, in the admiration of the world, an equivalent for her lost happiness.

The unexpected apparition of her lover was as startling and appalling as if she had met an inhabitant of another world. She tried to rally herself and pass on, but the effort was vain—sight, strength and recollection forsook her.

"Mrs. St. Henry has fainted—Mrs. St. Henry has fainted," was now echoed from mouth to mouth. A lady's fainting, whether in church,

ball-room or assembly, always creates a great sensation; but when that lady happens to be the centre of attraction and admiration, when every eye that has a loop-hole to peep through, is gazing on her brilliant features, to behold her suddenly fall, as if smitten by the angel of death pallid and motionless—the effect is inconceivably heightened. When, too, as in the present instance, a sad, romantic looking stranger rushes forward to support her, the interest of the scene admits of no increase. At least, Margaret felt so as she saw the beautiful Mrs. St. Henry, borne in the arms of Mr. Hall, through the crowd, that fell back as he passed into an adjoining apartment, speedily followed by Mrs. Astor, all wonder and excitement, and many others all curiosity and expectation, to witness the termination of the scene. Mr. Hall drew back while the usual appliances were administered for her resuscitation. He heeded not the scrutinizing glances bent upon him. His thoughts were bent within himself and “the soul of other days came rushing in.”

The lava that had hardened over the ruin it had created, melted anew, and the greenness and fragrance of new-born hopes were lost under the burning tide. As Mrs. St. Henry opened her eyes, she looked round in wild alarm, then, shading her brow with her hand, her glance rested where Mr. Hall stood, pale and abstracted, with folded arms, leaning against the wall—“I thought so,” said she, “I thought so;”—then covered her eyes and remained silent.

Mr. Hall, the moment he heard the sound of her voice, and was assured of her recovery, precipitately retired, leaving behind him matter of deep speculation.—Margaret was sitting in a window of the drawing-room, through which he passed. She was alone, for even the bride was forgotten, in the excitement of the past scene. He paused—he felt an explanation was due to her, but that it was impossible to make it. He was softened by the sad and sympathizing expression of her countenance, and seated himself for a moment at her side.

“I have been painfully wakened from a dream of bliss,” said he, “which I foolishly imagined might yet be realized. But the heart rudely shattered as mine has been, must never hope to be healed. I cannot command myself sufficiently to say more, only let me make one assurance, that whatever misery has been and may yet be my doom, guilt has no share in my wretchedness—I cannot refuse myself the consolation of your esteem.”

Margaret made no reply—she could not. Had her existence depended on the utterance of one word, she could not have commanded it. She extended her hand, however, in token of that friendship, she believed was hereafter to be the only bond that was to unite them.—Long after Mr. Hall was gone, she sat in the same attitude, pale and immovable as a statue, but who can tell the changes and conflicts of her spirit in that brief period?

Mrs. St. Henry was too ill to be removed, and Mrs. Astor was unbounded in her attentions. She could hardly regret a circumstance which forced so interesting and distinguished a personage upon the acceptance of her hospitality. Margaret remained with her during the greatest

portion of the night, anxiously apprehensive of a renewal of the fainting fits to which she acknowledged she was constitutionally subject. Margaret watched her as she lay, her face scarcely to be distinguished from the sheet, it was so exquisitely fair, were it not for the shading of the dark locks that fell unbound over the pillow, still heavy with the moisture with which they had been saturated, and as she contemplated her marvelous loveliness, she wondered not at the influence she exercised over the destiny of another. Mr. Hall had once spoken of himself as being the victim of falsehood. Could she have been false—and, loving him, how could she have married another? If she had involuntarily broken her troth, why such an agitation at his sight? and, if she were worthy of his love, why such a glaring display of her person, such manifest courting of the free gaze of admiration? These, and a thousand similar interrogations, did Margaret make to herself during the vigils of the night, but they found no answer. Towards morning, the lady slept; but Margaret was incapable of sleep, and her wakeful eyes caught the first grey tint of the dawn, and marked its deepening and kindling till the east was robed in flame, the morning livery of the skies. All was bustle till the bridal party was on its way. Mrs. St. Henry still slept, under the influence of an opiate, and Margaret saw her no more. Farewells were exchanged, kind wishes breathed, and the travelers commenced their journey. Margaret's thoughts wandered from Mrs. St. Henry to Mr. Hall, and back again, till they were weary of wandering, and would gladly have found rest, but the waters had not subsided, there was no green spot where the dove of peace could fold her drooping wings. Charles and Mary were too much occupied by each other, to notice her silence, and it was not till they paused in their journey, she was recalled to existing realities. Mary regretted something she had left behind—a sudden recollection came over Margaret.

“Oh! Mary,” said she, “I hope you have been cautious, and not left any of that dangerous medicine where evil might result from it. I intended to remind you of it before our departure.”

“Certainly—to be sure; I took especial care of it; I have it with me in my trunk,” replied Mary, but her conscience gave her a remorseful twinge, as she uttered the *white lie*, for she had forgotten it; and where she had left it she could not remember. As Margaret had given her several warnings, she was ashamed to acknowledge her negligence, and took refuge in the shelter she had too often successfully sought. Had she anticipated the fatal consequences of her oblivion, her bridal felicity would have been converted into agony and despair. She had left the paper containing the powder, yet undissolved, on the mantle piece of her chamber. The chambermaid who arranged the room after her departure, seeing it, and supposing it to be medicine, put it in the box that Mrs. Astor devoted to that department, in the midst of calomel, salts, antimony, &c. It was folded in brown paper, like the rest, and there was no label to indicate its deadly qualities.

Mrs. St. Henry still continued the invalid guest of Mrs. Astor, for her indisposition assumed

a more serious aspect and it was impossible to remove her. She seemed feverish and restless, and a physician was called in to prescribe for her, greatly in opposition to her wishes.—She could not bear to acknowledge herself ill. It was the heat of the room that had oppressed her—a transient cold, which would soon pass away—she would not long trespass on Mrs. Astor's hospitality. The doctor was not skilled in diseases of the heart, although he ranked high in his profession. His grand panacea for almost all diseases was calomel, which he recommended to his patient as the most efficient and speediest remedy. She received the prescription with very ill grace, declaring she had never tasted of any in her life and had a horror of all medicines. Mrs. Astor said she had an apothecary's shop at command in her closet, and that she kept doses constantly prepared, for her own use. After the doctor's departure, Mrs. St. Henry seemed much dejected, and her eyes had an anxious, inquiring expression as they turned to Mrs. Astor.

“You say,” said she to her, in a low tone, “that friends have been kind in their inquiries for me? Most of them are strangers, and yet I thank them.”

“Mr. Hall has called more than once,” replied Mrs. Astor; “he, I believe, is well known to you.”

“He is indeed,” said Mrs. St. Henry—“I wish I could see him—but it cannot be; no, it would not answer.”

Mrs. Astor longed to ask the nature of their former acquaintance, but a conviction that the question would be painful, restrained the expression of her curiosity.

“Would you not like to send for some of your friends,” inquired Mrs. Astor—“your husband?—My servants shall be at your disposal.”

“You are very kind,” answered Mrs. St. Henry, quickly—“but it is not necessary—my husband is too infirm to travel, and believing me well, he will suffer no anxiety on my account—I think I shall be quite well, after taking your sovereign medicine. Give it me now, if you please, while I am in a vein of compliance.”

She turned, with so lovely a smile, and extended her hand with so much grace, Mrs. Astor stood a moment, thinking what a beautiful picture she would make; then taking the lamp in her hand, she opened her closet, and took down the medicine casket. It happened that the first paper she touched was that which Mary had left, and which the servant had mingled with the others.

“Here is one already prepared,” cried she—“I always keep them ready, the exact number of grains usually given, as we often want it suddenly and at night.”

She mixed the fatal powder with some delicious jelly, and holding it to the lips of her patient, said with a cheering smile—“Come, it has no disagreeable taste at all.”

Mrs. St. Henry gave a nervous shudder, but took it unconscious of its deadly properties; and Mrs. Astor, praising her resolution, seated herself in an easy chair by the bedside, and began to read. She became deeply interested in her book, though she occasionally glanced towards her patient to see if she slept. She had placed

the lamp so that its light would not shine on the bed, and the most perfect quietness reigned in the apartment. How long this tranquillity lasted it is impossible to tell, for she was so absorbed in her book, time passed unheeded. At length Mrs. St. Henry began to moan, and toss her arms over the covering, as if in sudden pain. Mrs. Astor leaned over her, and took her hand. It was hot and burning, her cheek had a scarlet flush on it, and when she opened her eyes they had a wild and alarming expression.

"Water," she exclaimed, leaning on her elbow, and pushing her hair hurriedly from her brow—"Give me water, for I die of thirst."

"I dare not," said Mrs. Astor, terrified by her manner—"any thing but that to quench your thirst."

She continued still more frantically to call for water, till Mrs. Astor, excessively alarmed, sent for the doctor, and called in other attendants. As he was in the neighborhood, he came immediately. He looked aghast at the situation of his patient, for she was in a paroxysm of agony at his entrance, and his experienced eye took in the danger of the case.

"What have you given her, Madam?" said he, turning to Mrs. Astor, with a countenance that made her tremble.

"What have you given me?" exclaimed Mrs. St. Henry, grasping her wrist with frenzied strength—"You have killed me—it was poison—I feel it in my heart and in my brain."

Mrs. Astor uttered a scream, and snatched up the paper which had fallen on the carpet.

"Look at it, Doctor—it was calomel, just as you prescribed—what else could it be?"

The doctor examined the paper—there was a little powder still sticking to it.

"Good Heavens, Doctor," cried Mrs. Astor, "What makes you look so?—what is it?—what was it?"

"Where did you get this?" said he, sternly.

"At the apothecary's—I took it from that chest—examine it, pray."

The doctor turned away with a groan, and approached his beautiful patient, now gasping and convulsed. He applied the most powerful antidotes, but without effect.

"I am dying," she cried—"I am dying—I am poisoned—but oh, doctor, save me—save me—let me see him, if I must die—let me see him again, and she held out her hands imploringly to Mrs. Astor, who was in a state little short of distraction.

"Only tell me, if you mean Mr. Hall?"

"Who should I mean but Augustus?" she cried—"Perhaps in death he may forgive me."

The doctor made a motion that her request should be complied with, and a messenger was despatched.

What an awful scene was presented, when he entered the chamber of death! Was that the idol of his young heart, the morning star of his manhood; she, who lay livid, writhing and raving there? Her long, dark hair hung in dishevelled masses over her neck and arms, her large black eyes were fearfully dilated, and full of that unutterable agony which makes the spirit quail before the might of human suffering. Cold sweat-drops gleamed on her marble brow, and

her hands were damp with that dew which no morning sunbeam can ever exhale.

"Almighty Father!" exclaimed Mr. Hall—"what a sight is this!"

The sound of that voice had the power to check the ravings of delirium, she shrieked and stretched out her arms towards him, who sunk kneeling by the bedside, covering his face with his hands, to shut out the appalling spectacle.

"Forgive me," she cried, in hollow and altered accents—"Augustus, you are terribly avenged—I loved you, even when I left you for another. Oh! pray for me to that great and dreadful God, who is consuming me, to have mercy on me hereafter."

He did pray, but it was in spirit, his lips could not articulate; but his uplifted hands and streaming eyes called down pardon and peace on the dying penitent. The reason, that had flashed out for a moment, rekindled by memory and passion, was now gone forever. All the rest was but the striving of mortal pain, the rending asunder of body and soul. In a short time all was over, and the living were left to read one of the most tremendous lessons on the vanity of beauty, and the frailty of life, mortality could offer in all its gloomy annals.

"This is no place for you now," said the doctor, taking Mr. Hall's arm, and drawing him into another apartment, where secure from intrusion, he could be alone with God and his own heart. There was another duty to perform—to investigate the mystery that involved this horrible tragedy. The apothecary was summoned, who after recovering from his first consternation, recollected that a short time before, he had sold a quantity of corrosive sublimate to a little black girl, according to her mistress' orders. The servants were called for examination, and Dinah was pointed out as the culprit—Dinah, the imputed destroyer of the mirror, whose terror was now deemed the result of conscious guilt. Mrs. Astor vehemently protested she had never sent her, that it was the blackest falsehood; and Dinah, though she told the whole truth, how Mary had forbid her telling it was for her, and she merely used her mistress' name on that account, gained no belief. The chamber-maid, who had found the paper and put it in the chest, withheld her testimony, fearing she might be implicated in the guilt. Every thing tended to deepen the evidence against her. The affair of the broken looking-glass was revived. She had been heard to say, after her memorable flagellation, that she wished her mistress was dead, that she would kill her if she could; and many other expressions, the result of a smarting back and a wounded spirit, were brought up against her. It was a piteous thing to see the fright and hear the pleadings of the wretched girl: "Oh! don't send me to jail—don't hang me—send for Miss Mary," she repeated wringing her hands, and rolling her eyes like a poor animal whom the hunters have at bay. But to jail she was sent, for who could doubt her crime, or pity her after witnessing its terrific consequences. A damp, dreary prison-house, where seated on a pallet of straw, she was left to brood day after day, over her accumulated wrongs, hopeless of sympathy or redress. Let those who consider

a *white lie* a venial offence, who look upon deception as necessary to the happiness and harmony of society, reflect on the consequences of Mary Ellis's moral delinquency, and tremble at the view. She had not done more than a thousand others have done, and are daily doing; and yet what was the result? The soul of the lovely, the erring, and the unprepared had been sent shuddering into eternity, a household made wretched, the innocent condemned, a neighborhood thrown into consternation and gloom. Had Mary confessed her negligence to Margaret, instead of telling an unnecessary and untempted falsehood, a warning message could have then been easily sent back, and the wide-spread ruin prevented. There is no such thing as a *white lie*; they are all black as the blackest shades of midnight; and no fuller on earth can whiten them.

When Mrs. Astor had recovered from the shock of these events in a sufficient degree, she wrote to Mary a detailed account, begging her and Margaret to return immediately, and cheer the home which now seemed so desolate. The letter was long in reaching her, for the travelers were taking a devious course, and could leave behind them no precise directions. Mary was in one of her gayest, brightest humors, when she received the epistle. She was putting on some new ornaments, which Charles had presented to her, and he was looking over her shoulder at the fair image reflected in the glass, whose brow was lighted up with the triumph of conscious beauty.

"I look shockingly ugly to-day," said she, with a smile that belied her words.

"You tell stories with such a grace," replied her flattering husband, "I am afraid we shall be in love with falsehood."

"A letter from our dear Mrs. Astor; open it, Charles, while I clasp this bracelet; and read it aloud, then Margaret and I both can hear it."

Before Charles had read one page, Mary sunk down at his feet, rending the air with hysterical screams. Her husband, who was totally unaware of the terrible agency she had had in the affair, raised her in indescribable alarm. Her own wild expressions, however, revealed the truth, which Margaret's shivering lips confirmed.

"Oh! had you told me but the *truth*," cried Margaret, raising her prayerful eyes, and joined hands to heaven—"how simple, how easy it had been—Charles, Charles," added she, with startling energy, "praise not this rash, misguided girl, for the grace with which she *lies*—I will not recall the word. By the worth of your own soul and hers, teach her, that as there is a God above he requires truth in the inward heart."

Charles trembled at the solemnity of the adjuration, and conscience told him, that all the agonies his wife suffered, and all the remorse which was yet to be her portion were just. Margaret sought the solitude of her chamber, and there on her knees, she endeavored to find calmness. The image of Mr. Hall, mourning over the death-bed of her, once so madly loved, the witness of her expiring throes, the receiver of her last repentant sigh rose between her and her Creator. Then, that radiant face, that matchless form, which had so lately excited a pang of envy, even in her pure heart, now blasted by consuming poison, and mouldering in the cold grave; how aw-

ful was the thought, and how fearful the retribution! She, whose vain heart had by falsehood, endangered the very existence of another, was the victim of the very vice that had blackened her own spirit. Yes! there is retribution even in this world.

Mary returned, but how changed from the gay and blooming bride! Her cheek was pale, and her eye heavy. She hastened to repair the only wrong now capable of any remedy. The prison doors of poor Dinah were thrown open, and her innocence declared; but could the long and lonely days and nights spent in that weary, gloomy abode be blotted out? Could the pangs of cold, shuddering fear, the dream of the gallows, the rope, the hangman's grasp round the gurgling throat, the dark coffin seat, the scoffing multitude be forgotten? No!—Dinah's spirit was broken, for though her skin was black, there was sensibility and delicacy too beneath her ebony coloring. Could she bring back the gladness that once pervaded the dwelling of Mrs. Astor? Every thing there was changed. The room in which Mrs. St. Henry died was closed, it was haunted by two terrible remembrances. Bitterly did Mary mourn over the grave of her victim; but she could not recall her by her tears. No remorse could open the gates of the tomb, or reclothe with beauty and bloom the ruins of life.

Margaret, the true, the pure-hearted and up right Margaret, was not destined, like Mary, to gather the thorns and briars of existence. Long did the fragrance of her roses last, for she had not plucked them with too rash a hand. She and Mr. Hall again met. The moral sympathy that had drawn them together, was not weakened by the tragic event that had intervened; it had rather strengthened through suffering and sorrow. Mr. Hall could never forget the death scene of Laura St. Henry. The love expressed for him at a moment when all earthly dissimulation was over, had inexpressibly affected him. Her unparalleled sufferings seemed an expiation for her broken faith. It was at her grave, that he and Margaret first met, after their sad separation, when the falling shades of evening deepened the solemnity of the scene. Sorrow, sympathy, devotion, and truth, form a holy groundwork for love; and when once the temple is raised on such a foundation, the winds and waves may beat against it in vain. Mr. Hall found by his own experience, that the bruised heart can be healed, for Margaret's hand poured oil and balm on its wounds. He could repose on her faith as firmly as on the rock which ages have planted. He knew that she loved him, and felt it due to her happiness as well as his own, to ask her to be the companion of his pilgrimage. If they looked back upon the clouds that had darkened their morning, it was without self-reproach, and remembrance gradually lost its sting. Who will say she was not happier than Mary, who carried in her bosom, through life, that which "biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder?"

On his death bed a distinguished humorist requested that no one might be invited to his funeral; "because," sobbed out the dying man, "it is a civility I can never repay."

For the Rural Repository.

EL BANDELERO.

BY S. C. S.

MORNING broke gloriously over the palm covered hills of Cuba; lighting a lovely prospect on which the eye of the mariner might gaze with delight. Not a breath of wind was stirring over the boundless ocean, which rose and fell in tremendous swells;—for the night before had been witness to one of those fearful and destructive tornadoes which often strew those rock bound shores with fragments of broken ships and the mangled bodies of drowned seamen.

In the distance might be discovered the city of the Havana, with its tiled-topped buildings reflecting the bright rays of the morning sun. The yellow striped banner of Spain was dimly seen floating above the tall battlements of the Moro Castle. The morning gun had just thundered forth its voice to welcome the advent of the God of day, and the hills caught up the sound, and re-echoed it far over the bright waters.

Many, who but a few days before were rejoicing in a speedy approximation to their desired haven, were now food for the hungry dolphin and devouring shark. Those who had anticipated a warm and joyous welcome from friends whose homes were in that land of fragrant flowers, had now found their graves among the coral caves of the briny deep.

But there was one noble bark that lived amid the horrors of that fearful storm; and now she rode upon the heaving seas—now hid in the deep trough of the rolling waves, and now rising again like some spirit of the air, upon the next succeeding wave, half way to the skies.

"She walked the waters like a thing of life."

She had striven with the elements, and that God whose providence watches over those that "go down to the sea in ships" had guided them safely through their tempestuous way; and now a blooming land stretched before them, and offered them an asylum in its quiet harbors.

As the ship slowly approached the land, those who had been watching her from the house-tops with telescopes, saw that the storm had not passed over her harmlessly, for her sails were shattered, her tall masts had been broken, and the loosened cordage hung carelessly from her swinging yards. Yet her hull seemed sound. She had not yet approached near enough to make distinct the forms that moved upon her decks.

There were many in that crowd of gazers, whose anxious and wishful countenances indicated that they were deeply interested in the object towards which their glasses were directed.

The merchant, who the night before had listened with fearful forebodings of bankruptcy to the voice of the raging storm, for his long-wished-for vessel was daily expected off the coast, was peering with anxious eyes upon the stranger, hoping that she, that had so gallantly outdone the storm, might be his.

Some were there who had been expecting the arrival of long absent and cherished friends. Were they on board that vessel? or had the relentless ocean claimed them for his own? O! in that hour of fearful suspense, when the heart is vacillating between the longings of hope, and

the agony of despair—in that fearful hour, who can express the mingled emotions of the soul! thoughts too deep for utterance swell the heaving breast, and the involuntary prayer bursts forth—that "He who rides upon the wings of the raging storm, and whose hand stirs the ocean into wrath" would protect and bring safely to a haven of rest, those whose loved and cherished forms are tossed upon its treacherous waves.

There was among those anxious gazers, one, who since the first rising of the sun, had stood upon a parapet of the castle, watching the approach of the vessel, as she rose and fell with the heaving waves. His was a noble form, and from the fine cast of his features, his dark expressive eye, his full and manly brow, it might be seen that the generous blood of Castile flowed in his veins.

He seemed deeply interested in the object on which he gazed; yet it was not the money-loving interest of the merchant, that made his dark eye flash with such brilliancy.—That ship, he hoped, contained a treasure dearer to him, than all the wealth of the East could be to the most sordid and selfish miser.

"It is she—it is the Esperanza!" he exclaimed as his glass revealed to him the ship's signal hoisted among the rigging. "Thanks to the Holy Virgin, she has weathered the storm. I knew the saints would watch over so bright an angel as yon ship contains; and soon, my long worshipped idol, I shall fold thy dear form to this fond and anxious heart!"

The swell was rapidly subsiding;—a breeze had sprung up and the gallant ship though half disabled, moved gracefully before its influence, and passing the entrance of the port, was received with a cheering salute from the guns of the Moro. The salute was loudly returned from the ship, till the sea trembled with the echo; and like some tired bird of passage that had long struggled against the wind of a stormy day, she slowly glided under the high walls of the Cavannias, and rested in the quiet waters of that noble bay.

One small chandelier was casting its dim light through an elegantly furnished apartment in the suburbs of the Havana. The polished whiteness of the marble floor was relieved by the dark damask curtains that festooned the walls. The high ceiling was richly ornamented with arabesque carvings and fresco of various designs, commemorative of Moorish deeds, the conquest of Grenada, the Siege of the Alhambra, and other incidences connected with Spanish history.

In the center of the apartment a playful fount threw up its bright waters, breathing coolness and music around, and sprinkled with sparkling diamonds the fragrant flowers that were placed about its basin.

In the farther end of the apartment a door hung with a loose curtain opened into a spacious garden, where the moonbeams smiled upon bright flowers and lovely walks. The citron and myrtle here vied in beauty with the majestic palm and fragrant orange. Here

"The acacia waived her yellow hair,"

And bending gracefully, loved her blossoms in the bubbling founts. The birds had not yet sought their nests, and their soft notes mingling with the expiring tones of the vesper bell, filled the evening air with melody.

Seated on a richly wrought sofa, were two happy lovers. They had just returned from a twilight ramble in the garden, where together they had breathed forth their vows of love, and offered their evening prayers to the Virgin.

Here we will leave them for a while, and take the reader with us to the vine clad hills of sunny Spain.

Upon the lists of the old nobles of Castile, who could trace their ancestors far beyond the days of chivalry, even back to the period e'er the Roman dynasty prevailed over that land of romance, the name of de Morenci had ever ranked among the highest. In the wars and revolutions that had convulsed the land from time immemorial, the Morencies had taken a conspicuous part, and among the chieftains of olden times, their swords were ever ready to advocate the cause of one party or the other. Sometimes it was that of justice against tyranny; at others, they were found the most zealous champions of oppression, and ruthlessly trampled upon the rights of the weaker party. But in those feudal times, when the nobles of the lands were all trained to the profession of arms, they fought as impulse directed—oftener governed by a lawless inclination than by a righteous perception of duty. Their ardent spirits must find employment, and they cared little whether their cause was just, so long as they were engaged in warfare.

The establishment of the Roman power in Spain in a measure tamed their warlike habits and propensities, or rather reduced them to a more systematic form. But still that spirit remained, and the age of chivalry commencing with the dawn of civilization, softened down the darker shades of their character; and their disciplined conquerors by their examples, instilled into them something of their own spirit.

But "the days of chivalry are over" and Spain, with her heroic sons, has been sobered down below the level of her less romantic neighbors. That haughty nation has been humbled. One by one her extensive possessions have been wrested from her—her ill gotten wealth has been squandered, and swells other coffers than her own; and she, that once ranked the proudest and richest among her contemporary kingdoms, is now but a dim shadow of her former greatness!

The name of Morenci is not yet extinct. That noble line was still perpetuated in the person of Don Pedro de Morenci; but the name alone exists. The continued revolutions of Spain, which for the last century have wrought so many changes among the hidalgos of the land, have affected him. The possessions which by right of descent should have been his, had long since been confiscated to the crown, and Don Pedro, like many others who had nothing but noble descent to boast of, had been educated to the profession of arms. He was but a youth, yet he held a conspicuous rank in the army; and he was deserving of his honors. His was a warm heart, and he possessed all the generous impulses characteristic of the noble hidalgos of Spain.

Don Pedro de Morenci had long loved the beautiful Inez de Cantero; and when at length he ventured to breathe his passion into her ear, he was made happy by the confession that his love was warmly returned. Often were they togeth-

er; but their meetings were unknown to the stern father of Inez. He had been informed of Pedro's attachment to his daughter, but his proud heart could not brook the idea of his only child—the child of a wealthy grandee, receiving as a lover, the addresses of one, who though his birth was far above his own, could not bring a title to corresponding riches. And though he could not help admiring the noble character of Pedro, he forbid Inez receiving his visits, except on such occasions as when the strict laws of etiquette made it necessary. But lovers will always form inventions by which to elude the vigilance of those who would oppose their happiness, and Inez and Pedro were seldom long absent from each other; until at length Pedro with the regiment of which he had command was ordered to the Havana. They parted, but not until they had established a medium through which they might carry on a correspondence with each other. Several years had passed away since they had been separated, but in that time they had frequent interchanges of sentiment, and often reiterated their protestations of love.

In the mean time the political changes which were taking place in Spain made it necessary for Don Jose de Cantero, either to advocate the cause of the ascendant party or leave the kingdom; and rather than compromise his principles and honor, he chose the latter alternative. The island of Cuba was the country which was to be his future home, and with his daughter the happy Inez, he embarked on board the *Esperanza* bound to the Havana, and after a successful voyage, unattended with any unpleasant accidents, save the encounter with the storm off the coast, and of which the reader has already been informed, they arrived at the city of their destination.

The lovers had met again, and were made happy in each other's dear society. The objections of the father of Inez towards Pedro had in a measure been removed; he had ever admired his character, and it was only as a suitor to his daughter, he objected to him. She was an only daughter, and the proud grandee had intended her for a more splendid connexion; but now he cordially received the welcome extended to him by Pedro, and for the time, until he could make the necessary arrangements relative to his household, he accepted his invitation, and made Pedro's house in the suburbs his home. And here after this long digression, in which we have twice crossed the Atlantic, we will return to them.

We left them seated on a sofa after their return from the garden. What had been the subject of their conversation during their walk, we will not pretend to divine; but from the deep blushes which made the face of the beautiful Inez still more lovely, and the happy smile which lit up the countenance of her lover as he gazed upon her, and looked forth his whole soul through his speaking eyes as they sat thus, one might easily guess that their evening ramble had not been productive of unpleasant thoughts.

"No Pedro! I cannot yet.—Thou knowest I love thee with all of woman's fond, enduring affection—years have proven the depth of that affection, and though unknown to my proud father, yet thy image has ever had a home in this

heart. I have ever cherished the memory of thy love as the dearest treasure of my existence, and the happiest moments of my life after thy departure were when I could steal away by myself to our favorite retreat in the garden, and there shed tears of happiness over thy fond letters, where thy heart seemed to have poured forth all its treasures of affection. Thou canst not doubt my love—I know thou dost not—but until my father's full consent can be obtained, I cannot marry!"

"But dearest Inez, that consent *shall be obtained*—I will see your father and lay my whole care before him. I will plead our cause with all the enthusiasm of a lover, and *you*—my loved one, will be my advocate—wilt thou not?"

"Yes! and if together we can move him and his consent be granted, then Pedro I will be yours, and——"

"Then she *is* yours!"—and Don Jose, who had just entered from the garden, and overheard unseen their conversation, approached, and putting the hand of his daughter into that of her lover, exclaimed—

"Take her, young man—*she is yours*, with my consent and the consent of Heaven—and may you both ever be as happy as at this moment."

[Concluded in our next.]

MISCELLANY.

SIR ISAAC COFFIN.

THERE were some things about this personage too much out of the common course to allow of letting him go down to his grave without a volley. Our readers all know that the Admiral was a Bostonian. He loved to speak of the times when he was "a dirty-faced little rascal, licking molasses with the boys on Long wharf." This was before the Revolution. The veterans say that his family—which we have always heard was rather of humble condition than otherwise—resided in Province House Court.

Isaac was not destined, however, to be always licking molasses. There was a spirit in him which yearned for activity and adventure, and we find him in the British Navy at a very early date. In this service, no man more thoroughly earned that advancement and reputation which are both so hard to be earned. He went regularly and rigorously, we believe, through all the ordinary grades till he reached the *fourth* step from the summit of a list which is always long enough to discourage the hardest aspirant. During this long service he must have lived over strange scenes. Indeed we know very well that he did so, and can only regret that we hear nothing of a memoir appearing which should embody the spirit of these things. At one time, the Duke of Clarence was under him—as midshipman, we believe. William got greatly attached to his commander too, who, though "rude in speech" sometimes, had yet, as the Indians say, a soft heart, and a large one. As Duke and King, the middy afterwards did all he could for Coffin's promotion, nor was he content to relinquish his society after coming to the throne. It is about three years since William inviting him to dine, was informed by the Admiral, that the gout, his great enemy, had wholly disabled him; he was

obliged to be trundled about in an easy chair. "Well, then, come with your easy chair," was the royal sailor's response to his old comrade; and go with his easy chair, he did. He had long before this, received a splendid medal on some occasion from his sovereign's hand. This he carried with him on land and sea, and he had it when he was cast adrift on the Atlantic ten years ago or more, by the burning of the "Boston." It was the only article then saved out of all his chattels, but his happiness was complete when it was held up to him on Captain Mackey's deck, while the helpless hero lay flat on his back.

This we have from a spectator of the scene. Our neighbor Osgood, the artist, was on board the Boston. He describes the fire, lighting in a cotton ship, and the whole scene as terrific. The sea ran mountains high, and it seemed doubtful if a boat could live, yet the Admiral never blenched. He was disabled, and his companions were very anxious to save him. Mr. O. says that as several were about to go below for that purpose, they encountered the veteran at the head of the cabin stairs. He, having heard of the danger, had ascended thus far, by the assistance of his servant, and with great and painful exertion. A mattress was laid in a whale boat, which was on the quarter. On this he was placed, with his servant by his side, while a man was stationed at each tackle. He at the bows seemed well aware of the critical situation in which they were placed; but the man at the stern took out his knife, and when the wave rose to the boat, cut the tackle, so that when the latter rose again, the other end being fast, the boat was half filled with water, and the sailor at the stern thrown into the deep. By this time the bow-tackle was unhooked, the boat cleared from the side, and the old tar taken, half-drowned, from the sea, to receive a pretty severe reprimand from the fearless man whom he had so unintentionally immersed in a cold bath.

Thus the scene went on till all were afloat, in boats, three hundred miles from land. One soon died of exhaustion. The rest were on allowance of a third of a biscuit and a gill of water a day. The admiral not only shared all, but he alone kept up the life of the company, giving them every encouragement, and winding up occasionally with one of his best songs. "Oh! my lads," he roared out at one time, "don't look so eagerly on my old carcass. Here's a young painter will make a much better meal!" Fortunately, this lasted but a night and a day. The passengers got into this port not long after. The Admiral went to the Tremont again, just as if all was not lost. Moreover, he sat to the artist, and paid him double price. He also gave Captain Mackey, who rescued the company, a douceur of five hundred dollars and a splendid gold watch.

This is a long story, but it shows the whole man. He was a sailor of the old school. Smollet would have gloried in him; but he was too good for Smollet. With all his little eccentricities, and all disciplined as he was, there was a sound sense and sterling Yankee spirit at the bottom, which still kept him ahead. Yet, to his shrewdness were added a gallantry and generosity that flinched from nothing. His impulses were noble, and he yielded to them. He once com-

manded a ship, when a man was knocked overboard in a gale, his comrades hesitated, but not Coffin; in five minutes he had the fellow on deck again, heels over head. "Ah, you blackguard," he cried as he shook the water out of his trowsers, "You've cost me a new hat!" At another time he had a fire suddenly discovered below, which proved to be close to the magazine, and even the old sailors were so frightened that 60 of them swam ashore. The Admiral, however, led on the rest to the rescue, and the fire was with great exertions extinguished. As to liberality, his character is well known. We see that he has lately been publicly thanked as a leading benefactor of the "Naval School." Every body knows that the Coffin School, consisting wholly of persons of that family, has long been flourishing by his beneficence at Nantucket, where there are said to be at least 500 of the name. The old man loved America best after all. There was nothing like Boston to him. Much more might be added to this gossip, but enough. We hope that some of the Admiral's contemporaries, who are qualified, will let us hear from them. Meanwhile, as we said before, they'll excuse this "volley."

FEAR OF DEATH.

SURELY, to the sincere believer, death would be an object of desire instead of dread, were it not for those ties—those heart-strings—by which we are attached to life. Nor, indeed, do I believe that it is natural to fear death, however generally it may be thought so. From my own feelings I have little right to judge; for, although habitually mindful that the hour cometh, and even now may be, it has never appeared actually near enough to make me duly apprehend its effect upon myself. But from what I have observed, and what I have heard those persons say whose professions lead them to the dying, I am induced to infer, that the fear of death is not common, and that, where it exists, it proceeds rather from a diseased and enfeebled mind, than from any principle in our nature. Certain it is, that among the poor the approach of dissolution is usually regarded with a natural composure which it is consolatory to contemplate, and which is as far removed from the dead palsy of unbelief, as it is from the delirious rapture of fanaticism. There is a true, unhesitating faith; and they are willing to lay down the burthen of a weary life, in the sure and certain hope of a blessed immortality. *Southey.*

ROMANTIC VILLAINY.

SOME time since the sheriff of a county in the southern part of Mississippi, had received, in his official character, a large sum of money—say fifteen or twenty thousand dollars. Under pretext of a call from home for a day or two, he placed the money in the keeping of his wife, whom he charged to take good care of it.

Late in the evening of the day on which he left home, a stranger of genteel appearance, called at the house, and asked permission to remain over night. Disliking to entertain a stranger during her husband's absence, the wife of the sheriff denied the request, and the stranger rode on. Directly after his departure, however, the lady

came to the conclusion that she had done wrong in refusing to take him in, and sent a servant to recall him.—The gentleman returned, and soon after retired to rest.

Late in the night, three men, disguised as negroes, came to the house, called up the lady, and demanded possession of the money left in her charge. Believing that there was no help for it, she at length told them that the money was in another room, and that she would go and get it for them.

It so happened that the money had been deposited in the room occupied by the stranger, and on her going for it, she found the stranger up and loading his pistols. He had been awakened by the noise, and had overheard most of the conversation between his hostess and the robbers.

Telling the lady to be of good heart, he gave her a loaded pistol, and instructed her to go out and present the money to one of the robbers, and to shoot the fellow whilst in the act of doing it—on her doing which, he, (the stranger) would be ready for the other two.

With a coolness and courage that it is difficult to conceive of in a woman, she did as directed, and the robber who received the money fell dead at her feet. Another instant, and the stranger's bullet had floored the second robber. The third attempted to escape, but was overtaken at the gate by the stranger, and fell under the thrust of his knife.

As soon as practicable, the neighbors were alarmed, and on washing the paint from the faces of the dead robbers, the one killed by the lady proved to be her own husband, and the other two a couple of near neighbors!

EDUCATING A WIFE.

FROM the "Journal of Aaron Burr," during his residence in Europe, just published by the Harpers, we extract the following curious narrative:

PERRY, the proprietor of the *Morning Chronicle*, has now an income of £10,000 per annum. Born in the north of Scotland and having received a good classical education, at the age of twenty he walked to London to seek his fortune. He had on his arrival two and six-pence.—For some time he nearly starved. At length he got employment and small wages from the editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, and subsequently he became principal editor, and then a partner, and finally, sole proprietor. At the age of forty he was wealthy. Happening to make a journey in the country, he saw, in a milliner's shop, a girl, with whose beauty and manner he was greatly smitten. He begged leave to repeat his visit—at the second interview, he told her he would marry her, but, added, I am a man of fortune, and wish to live hospitably, and to make my friends happy at home. I am not accustomed to society, and must have a wife who can do the honors of my house with grace, and dignity, and fashion. Now you have seen nothing of the world, and know less of these matters than I do; but you have talents, and would presently become a lady, if you were under proper advantage. Then, if you will go to Paris, and spend two years there to perfect yourself, I will furnish the means, and marry you on your return." The lady, who was seventeen, was not long in balancing on so hard a condition.

She went to Paris, passed the two years under every advantage which money could procure, returned an accomplished lady, and all that Perry could wish. They married, and have six lovely children. She has been the pride of his heart, the ornament of his house, and the admiration of his friends.

I know an Irishman who did something of the same kind, but I doubt whether there be anything similar in the history of an Englishman.

MANNERS.

I MAKE it a point of morality never to find fault with another for his manners. They may be awkward or graceful, blunt or polite, polished or rustic, I care not what they are, if he means well and acts from honest intentions, without eccentricity or affectation. All men have not the advantages of "good society," as it is called, to school themselves in all its fantastic rules and ceremonies, and if there is any standard of manners, it is one founded in reason and good sense, and not upon these artificial regulations. Manners, like conversation, should be extemporaneous, and not studied. I always suspect a man who meets me with the same congealing of the body, and the same premeditated shake of the hand. Give me the hearty—it may be rough—grip of the hand—the careless nod of recognition and when occasion requires, the homely but welcome salutation—"how are you my old friend?"

A REVOLUTIONARY HERO GONE.—Among the foreign volunteers in the army of the revolution, the reader can but remember the name of Baron Steuben. After the treachery of Arnold, he could not bear to hear the name of the man or any allusion to him. Once, while reviewing a regiment of light horse, he incidentally heard the name which he so much abhorred. He ordered the person bearing it, to the front, and was astonished at the appearance of a young and gallant rider of portly bearing, excellently equipped. "Change your name, brother soldier," said the Baron; "you are too respectable to bear the name of a traitor." "What name shall I take then, General?" said the soldier. "Any you please. Mine is at your service." An offer so honorable was thankfully accepted; the name of Steuben was entered upon the roll. The soldier whose name was thus changed, carried his new name to the day of his death, which occurred last January. He died at Steuben, in this state, aged 82.—*New York Sun.*

HOW HE SAVED IT.

A MILITARY man "Down East," knowing he could be elected to a captaincy if he would consent to a nomination, called upon a neighbor who had formerly served in that capacity, to ascertain if the office was one of pecuniary profit. Being told by the retired veteran that he had held the office for five years, and saved five hundred dollars, he gladly accepted the nomination, and was chosen captain of his company. After some years campaigning in the way of "company trainings" and "general musters," finding his office to be a heavy bill of expense, instead of a source of profit, he called on his old friend again for information as to how he had saved

five hundred dollars, while he himself lost one hundred dollars annually by the same office. "Why," replied the captain, "I was worth just one thousand dollars when I was elected; I held the office five years, and lost five hundred dollars by it; so I resigned and saved the other five hundred."

NATURAL RELIGION.

COME quietly away with me, we will walk up and down the narrow path, by the sweet-briar-hedge: and will listen to the low song of the black-bird, and the fresh air will cool our aching brows, and we shall find comfort. To these things, fresh air and the bird's song and the fragrance of the lovely flowers, God has given a blessing; like sleep, they are medicines—"balm of sweet winds!" We will walk to and fro under the shade of those elms, and we will be calm; bitter recollections shall be made sweet by the thought of his mercies; and in the midst of the sorrows we have in our hearts, his comforts shall refresh our souls: and our minds shall be stored with many thoughts, sweet, like the perfumes of these flowers.

A GOOD CONSCIENCE.

ABOVE all things strive to have a good conscience. Most studiously avoid giving your heart the least motive to reproach you on account of your actions, and the means you employ to attain your ends. Never pursue crooked ways and you may firmly rely upon good consequences, and the assistance of God, and of good men in time of need. Although you should be thwarted for some time by misfortune, yet the blissful consciousness of the goodness of your heart, and the rectitude of your designs, will afford your uncommon strength and comfort; your sorrowful countenance will interest those with whom you converse, much more than the grimaces of a smiling and grinning villain who seems to be happy.

MEN measure their charities by a peculiar standard. A man who has but a dollar in his pocket would give a penny for almost any purpose. If he had a hundred dollars, he might give one; carry it higher and there comes a falling off. One hundred dollars would be considered too large a sum for him who has ten thousand, while a present of one thousand would be deemed miraculous from a man worth one hundred thousand—yet the proportion is the same throughout, and the poor man's penny, the widow's mite, is more than the rich man's high-sounding and widely-trumpeted benefaction.

A GENTLEMAN traveling on the road, seeing a man standing at the door, asked if he was master of the house. "I don't know," he replied, "as my wife and I have just quarreled; but I'll step in and see." Returning, he said he was master, and inquired the stranger's business. "Only," replied the gentleman, "to direct me the nearest road to the next tavern."

A CLIENT once burst into a flood of tears after he had heard the statement of his counsel, exclaiming, "I did not think I suffered half so much till I heard it this day."

"THOU GOD SEEST ME."—As the chaplain in the Wethersfield State Prison, was passing the cell of a culprit, who was reading his bible, he was accosted thus; "If I had only known these words before I had committed crime, I should not have been for twenty-eight years a tenant of the State's prison." "What words," said the chaplain. "Why these in Gen. xvi. 13. the words of Hagar, 'Thou God seest me.' And he was not the only prisoner who made similar statements to the chaplain. A number told him they found it impossible to perpetrate the crimes for which they were sent, until they had banished the thought of the omniscient and omnipresent God from their minds.

"WILL you let me have a few articles out of your store on credit?" asked a new customer of a Quaker merchant. "Well, I don't exactly know. When thee re-sits thy fence in the spring, does thee set it inside or outside, of where it stood before?" "Why, I set it outside, and clean up the row where it stood." "Does thee? Well, thee shall have credit in my store for any thing thee wants."

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

M. G. Saugerties, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. New Paltz Landing, N. Y. \$2.00; J. U. Pleasant Valley, N. Y. \$1.00; E. W. S. Pleasant Mount, Pa. \$5.00; H. S. S. Buffalo, N. Y. \$1.00; L. W. Stockport, N. Y. \$3.00; J. A. C. Rushville, N. Y. \$1.00; G. C. Stockport, N. Y. \$1.00; E. D. Hillsdale, N. Y. \$1.00; S. E. L. Friendship, N. Y. \$1.00; D. W. K. Montpelier, Vt. \$1.00; D. J. A. Stearns-ville, Ms. \$1.00; R. C. Pleasant Valley, N. Y. \$1.00; E. E. S. West Genesee, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Fredonia, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Meredith, N. Y. \$1.00; H. A. D. B. Kingston, N. Y. \$1.00; F. M. B. Livingston, N. Y. \$1.00; S. A. L. Livingston, N. Y. \$1.00; L. R. Hanover, N. H. \$1.00; P. M. Whitney's Point, N. Y. \$5.00; A. H. R. Wyoming, Mich. \$1.00; E. H. W. Redford, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Cambridge, Vt. \$6.00; C. W. B. Cincinnati, O. \$5.00; J. C. New Hampton, N. H. \$2.00; W. D. Valatie, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Marlborough, N. H. \$2.00; H. L. Otis, Ms. \$1.00; P. M. Schuyler's Lake, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Saint Pie, L. C. \$5.00; A. G. Belvidere, Ill. \$1.00; S. B. Hatfield, Mass. \$1.00; P. M. Hoffman's Ferry, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Bolivar, N. Y. \$5.00; S. H. Troy, N. Y. \$1.00; R. B. M. Toronto, U. C. \$1.00; P. M. Jackson, Pa. \$1.00; P. M. Six Mile Creek, N. Y. \$6.00; P. M. Middlebury, Vt. \$2.00; D. S. P. Somerset, N. Y. \$1.00; S. B. V. Schenectady, N. Y. \$1.00; J. W. B. Gorham, N. Y. \$1.00; S. V. R. T. Fort Covington, N. Y. \$1.00.

Married,

In this city, on the 2d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Pardee, Mr. John L. Whiting, of Kinderhook, to Miss Cornelia, daughter of Robert A. Barnard, Esq.

On the 8th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Van Wagenen, Mr. Henry S. Van Etten to Miss Margaret Rosman, both of Livingston.

On the 24th ult. by the same, Mr. John Shotts to Miss Catharine Cole, both of Livingston.

On the 27th ult. by the same, Mr. William H. Campbell of Hudson, to Miss Maria DeFreest of Livingston.

Deaths,

In this city, on Thursday, the 5th inst. Mary Elizabeth, only child of the late James H. and Melissa Gaul, aged one year.

On the 26th ult. Ellen B. daughter of Abraham and Sarah Van Hoesen, aged 1 year.

On the 27th ult. Sarah, daughter of Aaron C. Macy, aged 9 months.

On the 30th ult. Wm. H. son of Mary Frost, aged 8 years, 10 mo. and 18 days.

On the 4th inst. Robert E. Atwell, in his 30th year.

On the 5th inst. at the residence of Wm. O. King, Mr. Benajah Bingham aged 75 years. Mr. B. was long a resident of this city.

On the 6th inst. Thomas P. son of Eleazer M. and Hester Hedges, aged 1 year.

On the 8th inst. Abraham, son of Lewis and Margaret Ann Remer, aged 4 years and 6 months.

On Monday, the 2nd inst. at Ghent, Columbia County, David Skinner, esq. aged 48 years.

At Albany, on the 27th ult. Eliza, wife of Frederick J. Barnard, and daughter of the late Col. Eleazer Pomroy, of Coventry, Conn.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

Dew for the rose in its first youthful hour,
And honeyed sweetness for the op'ning flower
Veiled amid shadowy leaves:
Its earliest bud that yet is half concealed,
Deep bowered in shade, but by perfume revealed,
More than full bloom receives;—
And thus fair honor, purity and truth,
Coldly received by man, the generous youth
Knows, values and believes.
Can future life give aught so fair as now
Of truth in heart, or beauty on the brow,
Or feelings, gay and free?
Perchance;—but still when early mem'ries fade,
Each fond remembrance darkened or decayed,
Remember me! FIDELIA.

For the Rural Repository.

LAURA JANE.

I miss her on the green,
Where once we culled the summer flower;
Her sprightly form not there is seen
At noontide's sunny hour.

When study's task is o'er,
And merry voices greet my ear,
Her joyous laugh is heard no more,
The lonely hour to cheer.

A modest floweret blooms
Far down some lone and lovely vale,
Content to yield its sweet perfumes
To every passing gale.

The strong winds sweep the flower,
And scatter all its charms away,
That tender blossom of an hour,
Just bloomed, but to decay.

So down a shady glen,
Where flowers of every hue grow wild,
Far from the busy haunts of men,
The lovely Laura smiled.

In nature's forest bower,
Her tiny feet were wont to roam;
And there she bloomed, the fairest flower,
That graced her woodland home.

But ah! the spoiler came—
The dewy brow, the heaving breath,
The faded cheek and wasting frame,
Were harbingers of death.

The sick child murmured low,
While tears stood trembling in her eye,
"Mother, the realms to which I go,
Beyond the dark tomb lie.

"And fearful shades of gloom,
Across the dreary vale are thrown:
Oh mother, guide me through the tomb,
I dare not go alone.

"How soft would be this bed,
How calm the hour of life's decline,
If you could lay your aching head
Low in the dust with mine,

"Oh, take me to your arms—
Pray to the Saviour, whom I love,

To bear me safe from death's alarms,
Up to his courts above."

That mother, bowed with grief,
Embraced her darling fondly there,
Then both in concert sought relief,
Their voices joined in prayer.

The Saviour heard their cry,
And wiped away their burning tears;
He taught the child in peace to die,
And scattered all her fears.

Then ceased the dying groan—
The scarce articulated prayer,
She passed the vale, but not alone,
For God was with her there. S. B.

For the Rural Repository.

IMPROMPTU.

How deep the yearning in me for that clime,
That radiant clime, the spirit's dwelling-place,
That lies far, far beyond the reach of time,
And never yet hath felt its blighting trace.

I'd flee from earth—I sigh to bid adieu,
To all its scenes of anguish, care and strife—
Too many are its woes, its joys too few,
Its joys—ah, rainbows of the storms of life!

O, for the blissful lot of dwellers there,
In the bright, amaranthine bowers on high,
When bliss each hour new-born, for aye they share,
And sorrow enters not to prompt the sigh! J. M.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE MOURNER COMFORTED.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"My boy was beautiful; and he is dead!
Ask me no more; for I would be alone—
Alone to weep."

Long flowed that mourner's tear;
And then, beside the Bible, she knelt down,
Laying her cheek upon its hallowed page,
And said "God comfort me!"
And as she closed
The fervent prayer, methought a still, small voice,
Bade the swollen surges of her soul be still;
That He who walked upon Tiberia's lake,
Ruling the midnight storm, might thither come,
And save from shipwreck.

Then, with pang subdued,
Memory went wandering to the loved one's grave,
Marking in every bud that blossomed there—
In every joyous butterfly, that spread
Its radiant wing amid the flowers—a type
Of glorious resurrection. Every drop
Of dew that sparkled on that turf-clad mound,
Was holy to her. Even the bitter grief
That made the parting hour so desolate,
Put on the robe of humble faith and said,
"Tis well, my Lord—well with the little one
Who dwells with thee."

And then methought, she heard
Sweet sounds of heavenly harpings—and beheld
Celestial gleamings of cherubic wings;
And 'mid the chant of ransomed infancy
Unto its Saviour, caught the tuneful voice
Of her own cherished nursing.

So her lip
Join'd in the praise. For how could she forbear
To thank her God for him who ne'er should taste
Of trouble more.

Was it the tender tone

Of him, so often cradled on her breast,
That whispered as she lay that night, in dreams?
"Oh, mother, weep no more!—but with a heart
Of holy love, hold on your shining path
And come to me. For He who took, on earth,
Young children to his arms, will bid in Heaven
The mother find her babe. So keep thine eye
Clear from the grief cloud—for the time is short—
The way is plain. Dear mother, come to me."

ODE TO SCIENCE.

BY J. CLEMENT.

FAIR orb, that first on Egypt gleamed,
And thence illumed the Grecian isles;
O'er Rome's Augustan greatness streamed,
And, lingering still, on Europe smiles.
Revolving westward in thy sphere,
O'er this sweet land thy radiance stay,
With moral light the soul to cheer,
And kindle intellectual day.

May Newtons here and Herschels rise,
To trace, with philosophic eye,
The worlds that through the midnight skies
In countless hosts revolve on high.
May other Franklins, too, appear,
And in thy realms serenely shine,—
On thy refulgent car career,
Enrobed in splendor all divine.

Where Ignorance her gloom has spread,
And Superstition holds her reign;
Where blinded Man, by Error led,
Now bows him at an idol's fane;—
Oh through that dark benighted clime,
Benignly shed thy sacred beams,
Till earth is freed from wo and crime,
And truth on every spirit streams.

With pure Religion blend thy light,
And onward speed thy course afar,
Till they who sleep in pagan night
Shall hail the dawn of Bethlehem's star;—
Till he who roams the forest wild,
And he who feels a despot's rod,
Shall each of faith become the child,
And all shall know and worship God.

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